664
no. 1

A CONGRATULATORY POEM,

TO HIS

Illuſtrious Highneſs

Prince Rupert,

Lord High Admiral;

And others the thrice Noble COMMANDERS of His Majeſties Naval FORCES.

ON THEIR

Couragious Gallantry

IN THE

Late ENGAGEMENT againſt the DUTCH.

AND

Taking their *Eaſt-India*-Ships.

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A CONGRATULATORY POEM, ON Prince Rupert.

MOunted on *Fancies* tow'ring Plums I flye,
Up to the *Middle Region* of the Skie;
Where hovering long, the Cause I sought to know,
Of sundry *Meteors*, fluttering then below.
I saw *Vapours* ascend like gentle Dews,
And down again in ponderous *Clouds* diffuse;
Fame prating too, that did with mortals play,
And laugh to see 'um led by *Light* astray;
When suddenly a *Thunder* pierc'd my Ear,
That made me Natures *Gaping Hour* to fear,
With rising *Mountains* of black Sulphrous Smoak
That dim'd the *Stars*, and *Sol* himself might choak.
Straight round about I cast my troubled Eye,
And though neer *Heaven*, from thence thought fit to fly,
So dismal still the *Horror* did appear,
I knew not where 'twas *safe*, nor what to *fear*;
Sometimes I thought the *Gyants* that of old,
Attack'd the *Gods*, breaking their *Prison-hold*,
Were flinging *Mountains* at the Head of *Jove*;
Whil'st he as fast threw *Thunder-bolts* above.
Nor was I much deceiv'd, the *Fable* bate,
And truly we this *Prodigy* shall state,
Th' ungratefull *Dutch*, by *England's* milder Prince,
Preserved from the Jaws of *Ruine* long since;
And from the *Poore Destressed* Slaves of Fate,
Still *Pamper'd* up to *High and Mighty* State,
Their generous *Patrons* kindnesses requite,
With insolent usurping of his Right.
Right of the Narrow Seas, A precious Gem,
Fixt ever in the *Britiſh Diadem*,
To quell those *Sons of Mud*, our *Jove* had sent
RUPERT, in whom Nature all *Wonders* meant,
And that at's *Birth* she might her self out doe,
Has drawn in *one* vast Soul the Pow'rs of two.
On this Debate, the *Squadrons* of each Fleet
Prancing on *Neptunes* curled Billows meet,

English and *Dutch* their mutual Fates to dare,
Those led by *Honour*, these backt with *Despair*.
No Ceremonies now——First Complement,
From *Brazen Mouths* with *murthering Breath* is sent,
The *Day* they baniſh, but t' uphold the Fight,
Their quick *Broad ſides* do furniſh them with *Light*.
Here drops a *Maſt*, and there the Tatter'd *Sails*,
Become the ſports of the *Infranchiz'd* Gales;
In *breaks* a Shot, and then they muſt take pain,
To Pump whole *Seas* into the *Sea* again.
Arms, *Bowells*, *Legs*, and gaſtly *Heads* are ſpread
Throughout the *Decks*, all cover'd with the dead,
Till hurried *Over-board* at laſt they have
Some Ravenous *Fiſhes* Belly for a Grave;
Whil'ſt ſtill great *Guns* for others loudly Roar,
And turn the *Frothy Ocean* into *Gore*;
Whoſe *Liquoriſh taſt* a ſtragling *Whale* had drew,
So near, that he the *Smoaking Ships* could view,
Heard their fierce *Bellowings*, beheld the Fire,
Which from their *Throats* in flaſhes did aſpire,
When *Jealous grown*, and frighted much to ſee
Leviathan's more dreadful far than *he*;
He *Ducks* under a Wave, ſpeeds to his *Shoale*,
And *warns* them all to keep neer the *North-pole*.
Mean time the *PRINCE*, that durſt all dangers meet,
By his Examples, baniſht *Fear* the Fleet;
At his bright *Beams* they all their *Tapers* Light,
And by His *Dyal* ſet their *Motions* right,
Admiring ſtill the *Grandeur* of his mind,
Where matchleſs *Valour* with like *Conduct's* joyn'd.
The Gallant *PRAGE* in a reſiſtleſs Rage,
The Fierceſt *Foes* does for long time Engage,
And ſtood their Shots, when thickeſt they did fly,
Till *Fate*, conſpiring with the *Enemy*,
Decrees his Doom amongſt the *trecherous* Waves,
Whom he ſo oft had *trampled* ore as Slaves.
But in what *lofty-ſtraines* ſhall we admire,
That *Worthy* Son of a moſt *Noble* Syre,
Heroick *OSSERY*! Our Pen's too weak;
Pluck out thy golden Trumpet *Fame* and ſpeak,
Speak his bright *Name* as far as *Light* can fly,
And make it laſting as Eternity.
Nor ſhall the Waves of black *Oblivion* Drown
Brave *Munday's* worth, but time his merits crown.
The *Prizes*, took, that from the *Indies* came,
Shall yield us *Spices* to Embalm his Name.
The conquering *Genious* of our *Britiſh* Iſles,
Comes *generous-Souls*! to welcome you with ſmiles.
Your *own Deeds* are your beſt *Heralds*, to tell
Th'admiring World, how much you do Excell;
Whilſt we *Liſp* out your praiſe, or dully wonder,
Your *Cannons* ſpeak it better far in Thunder.

FINIS.